15



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John Anderson my Jo, John,
as Sung by
Mr. BROADHURST,
Arranged by J. Parry
Moderato
p
John Anderson my Jo, John, When nature first be - gan To
try her canny hand John, her master work was man; And you amang them
A' John so trig from top to toe She prov'd to be nae journey work John
Scotch Songs No. 1.



2

John Anderson my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit.
I think nae shame to own John, I lov'd you ear' and late,
They say ye are turning auld John, and what tho'it be so,
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson my Jo.

3

John Anderson my Jo, John when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the rav'n John, your bonny brow was brent,
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow John Anderson my Jo.

4

John Anderson my Jo, John, we clamb the hill togither,
And many a canty day John, we've seen wi ane anither,
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go.
And sleep togither at the foot __ John Anderson my Jo.





2

Oft hae I rov'd 'lang bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon it's thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye Banks & Braes O' Bonny Doon.

Harmonized for Two or Three Voices.

Arranged by J. Parry.

PRIMO: Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

SECONDO: Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

BASSO: Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

mind me of de_parted joys, de_part_ed ne_ver to re_turn!

mind me of de_parted joys, de_part_ed ne_ver to re_turn!

mind me of de_parted joys, de_part_ed ne_ver to re_turn!

Where hae ye been a' day my Boy Tammy.

Sung by Mr. Davison.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato

Whar hae ye been a' day my Boy Tammy; Whar hae ye been a' day my Boy Tammy? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and mountain gray courting O this young thing, Just come frae her mammy.

cres



The 3d & 4th Verses may he omitted.

3

What said ye to the Bonny Bairn, my Boy Tammy,
I prais'd her Een so lovely blue,
Her cherry cheek and bonny Mou,
I prie'd it aft, as ye may trow
She said "she'd tell her Mammy."

4

I held her to my beating heart, my young my smiling Lammy,
I hae a house it cost me dear,
I hae wealth and muckle gear,
Ye'se get it a' wast ten times main,
Gin ye will leave your Mammy.

5

The smile gae'd aff her bonny Face, I maun nae leave my Mammy
"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me Claes,
"She's been my comfort a' my days,
"My Father's death brought mony waes,
"I maun nae leave my Mammy."

6

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,
"We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her Claes,
"We'll be her comfort a' her days,
"The wee thing gie's her hand and says,
"There gang and ask my Mammy."

7

Has she been to the kirk with thee, my Boy Tammy,
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear stood in her Ee,
But, oh! she's but a young thing,
Just come from her Mammy.


8
Auld Lang Syne — Sung by Mr Broadhurst.
Arranged by J. Parry
Moderato
p
cres
Should Auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to
mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days o' lang syne For
auld lang syne my friends, for auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'
kindness yet for auld lang syne
Scotch Songs No2

Chorus

Primo & Secondo

For auld lang syne my friends for auld lang syne We'll tak' a cup o' kind_ness yet for auld 2ndo lang syne.

Basso

For auld lang syne my friends for auld lang syne We'll tak' a cup o' kind_ness yet for auld lang syne.

2

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c:

3

And surely ye'll be your pint_stoup
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak' a cup O kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c:

4

And there's a hand my trustie friend
And gie's a hand O'thine
And we'll tak a right gude_walie_waught
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne &c:



Auld Robin Gray.

Sung by Mrs Salmon, Miss Stephens & Miss Carew.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Larghetto

p

p

cres

Young Jamie lo'd me weel, And

ask'd me for his bride, But sa_ ving a crown, he had nae thing else beside, To mak the crown a pound my

Jamie went to sea, & the crown & the pound were baith for me He had nae been gane but a

p



(The 3d. & 4th. Verses may be omitted.)

2

My Father cou'dna work, my Mother cou'dna spin
I toil'd day and night, but their Bread cou'dna win
Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith and with tears in his Ee
Said Jamie for their sakes oh marry me;
My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard and his Ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die
Ah! why do I live to say __ Ah! wae's me!

3

My Father urg'd me sair, my Mither didna speak
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break
They gi'ed him my hand, tho my heart was at sea
So Auld Robin Gray is a Guidman to me;
I had na been a Wife a week but only four
When sitting so mournfully at mine ain door
I saw my Jamie's Wraith for I cou'dna think it He
Till he said, I'm come hame love, to marry Thee

4

Sair sair did we greet, and mickle did we say
We tuk but a kiss, and tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead but am na like to die,
Oh why was I born to say wae's me;
I gang like a ghaist and I care not to spin
I dare na think on Jamie for that would be a sin
So I will do my best a Gude Wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

Green grow the Rashes O.

Sung by Mrs Broadhurst & Mr Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegretto

cres

There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry hour that passes, O What sig_nifies the life O' man, An 'twere not for the Lasses O! Green grow the Rashes, O Green grow the rashes O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spend Are spent among the Lasses O!



2

The wardly they may riches chase
And riches atill may fly them O!
An' though at last they catch them fast
Their hearta can ne'er enjoy them O!
Green grow &c:

3

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this
Ye're nought but aenselesa asses O
The wisest man the warld e'er saw
He dearly lov'd the Lasaes O
Green grow &c:

4

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man
And then she made the lasses O!
Green grow &c:

Printed by Goulding & C° 20 Soho Square London.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie

Sung by Miss Stephens & M.rs Salmon.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

p cres

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer approaching, rejoiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would often times go To



2

There, under the shade of an old sacred oak
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn,
He sung with so saft and enchanting a sound
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

(The following are not sung in general.)

3

The Shepherd thus sung" Tho' young Mary be fair
Her beauty is dash'd wi a scornfu proud air
But Susie was handsome and sweetly could sing
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring

4

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth
Like the Moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea

5

That Mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree
That witty sweet Susan his mistress might be.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry.

PRIMO
In A_pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap_proaching re_

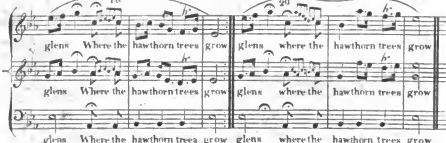
SECONDO
In A_pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap_proaching re_

BASSO
In A_pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap_proaching re_

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of_ten times go To wilds & deep

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of_ten times go To wilds & deep

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of_ten times go To wilds & deep



2

There under the shade of an old sacred oak
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn
He sung with so saft and enchanting a sound
That Sylvans and fairies unseen danced around

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Arranged by J. Parry



2

How we live, my Meg and Me
How we love and how we 'gree
I care na by how few may see
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Wha I wish were maggot's meat
Dish'd up in her winding sheet
I could write but Meg maun see't
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Printed by Goulding & Co. 20 Soho Sq: London.


18
The Land O'the Leal.
Sung by Miss Stephens, Mr. Salmon & Miss Carew.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Largo
p
I'm wearin a-
wa John, like snaw when its thaw John, I'm wearin a-wa John, to the land O' the leal
There's nae sorrow there John, There's neither cauld nor care John, The days aye fair John, I' the
land O' the leal.
cres
Scotch Songs No. 5.



3

But sorrow's sell wears past John
And joys come in fast John
The joys that's aye to last John
I'the land O'the leal
Now fare ye weel my ain John
This warld's cares are vain John
We'll meet and we'll be fain John
I'the land O'the leal.

The last 4 lines may be sung instead of the 4 last of the 2d verse, when only two Stanzas are perfomed.

Shepherds I have lost my Love!

Sung by Mr. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

2

Never shall I see them more, Until her returning
All the joys of life are o'er, From gladness chang'd to mourning
Whither is my charmer flown? Shepherds tell me whither?
Ah woe is me, perhaps she's gone, For ever and for ever.

Shepherds, I have lost my Love!

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry.

Primo: Shepherds I have lost my love Have you seen my An _ _ na
Secondo: Shepherds he has lost his love Have you seen his An _ _ na
Basso: Shepherds he has lost his love Have you seen his An _ _ na

Primo: Pride of ev' _ ry sha _ dy grove up _ on the banks of Ban _ _ na
Secondo: Pride of ev' _ ry sha _ dy grove up _ on the banks of Ban _ _ na
Basso: Pride of ev' _ ry sha _ dy grove up _ on the banks of Ban _ _ na

Primo: I for her my home forsook Near yon mis _ ty moun _ tain
Secondo: He for her his home forsook Near yon mis _ ty moun _ tain
Basso: He for her his home forsook Near yon mis _ ty moun _ tain

Primo: Left my flock my pipe my crook Greenwood shade and Foun _ tain
Secondo: Left his flock his pipe and crook Greenwood shade and Foun _ tain
Basso: Left his flock his pipe and crook Greenwood shade and Foun _ tain

To preserve consistency, the words have been altered a little__ for it is not likely that three Swains should mourn the loss of the same shepherdess.

I canna like ye, Gentle Sir.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegretto

cres

8va

LH RH

I can _ na like ye gen_tle sir Al_ tho a laird ye be I like a bon_ny Scotish Lad Wha brought me frae Dun_dee

Had awa wi Jamie Had awa wi Jamie Had awa wi Jamie o'er the



2
I'se gang wi Jamie frae Daundee
To cheer the lanesome way,
His cheeks are ruddy O'er wi health
He's rolick as the May
Had awa wi Jamie &c:

3
The Lav'rock mounts to hail the morn
The lint_white swells her throat
But neither are sae sweet sae clear
Ar Jamie's tunfu note
Had awa wi Jamie
Had awa wi Jamie
Had awa wi Jamie O're the lee
I gang'd along we free gude will
He's a' the world to me.


The Birks of Abergeldie,
Sung by Mrs Davison.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Moderato
p
cres
Bonny Lassie, will ye go, will ye go will ye go Bon_ny Lassie
will ye go to the birks of A_bergeldie Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes &
o'er the crystal steamlet plays, Come let us spend the lightsome days On the birks of Abergeldie



2

The little birds blythely sing
While o'er their heads the hazels hing
Or lightly flit on wanting wing,
In the birksof Abergeldy.
Bonny Lassie &c:

3

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep_roarng fa's,
O'er hung wi fragrant spreading shaws
Mang the birks of Abergeldy.
Bonny Lassie &c:

4

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi flow'rs.
White o'er the linns the burnie pours
And,rising,weets wi misty show'rs
A'the birks of Abergeldy.
Bonny Lassie &c:

5

Let fortune's gifts at random flee
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me
Supremely blest wi love &thee
Mang the birks of Abergeldy.
Bonny Lassie &c:

Printed by Goulding & C°. 20 Soho Square London.

My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.

Sung by Mr. Salmon & Miss Stephens.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

p

My Lodging is on the cold ground, And hard very hard is my fare, But

that which grieves me more, Love, Is the coldness of my dear, Yet still he cried, O,

turn my love I prithee love, turn to me For thou art the on _ ly girl love That


Second Verse
is adord by me
With a garland of straw I will
crown thee love, I will marry thee with a rush ring
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love so
merrily I will sing.
Yet still he cried Oh turn to me, I prithee love turn to me
For
thou art the on_ly girl love that is adord by me.


28
The Siller Crown.
(Arranged for One or Two Voices by J. Parry.)
Primo
Secondo
Andante
And ye shall walk in silk attire, And sil _ ler hue to spare Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think of Donald mair; Oh who wad buy a silken gown, wi a poor broken heart Or
And ye shall walk in silk attire, And sil _ ler hue to spare Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think of Donald mair Oh who wad buy a silken gown, wi a poor broken heart Or



2

The mind whase every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to brake my faith
I'll lay me down and die.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

3

His gentle manners won my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to seek it back
It would be war than thift,
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to brake my troth
I'll lay me down and die.

Printed by Goulding & Co. 20 Soho Square London.

O, Whistle and I'll come to thee my Lad.

(Sung by M.r Gibbon.)

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro

f p f cres

Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my Lad, Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my Lad, Tho' Father and mother and a' shou'd go mad, Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my Lad

(The 2.nd & 3.rd Verses are sung from here.)

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me, But



2

At kirk or at Market, where'er ye meet me
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na' a flee
But gi me a blink wi your bonnie black Ee
Yet look as ye were na'looking at me
Oh Whistle &c:

3

Ay vow and protest, that ye care na for me
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither though joking ye be
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me
Oh Whistle &c:

My Daddy is a Canker'd Carle. or Low down in the Broom.





2

My Aunty Kate sits at her wheel
And fair she lightlies me
But weel ken I i'ts a'envy
For ne'er a Jo has she.
But let them say &c:

3

My Cousin Nell was fair beguil'd
Wi Johnnie in the glen
And aye since syne,she cried beware
Of false deluding men".
But let them say &c:

4

Gley'd Sandy he came wast ae night
And spier'd when I saw Pate
And aye since syne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say &c:

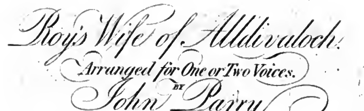
Printed by Goulding & Co. 20 Soho Square London.

Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch.

Arranged for One or Two Voices.

BY

John Parry.



Andante



(The 2nd. and 3d. Verses begin here.)

I came o'er the braes of Balloch She vow'd she swore she wad be mine, & said she loo'd me best of ony, But

I came o'er the braes of Balloch She vow'd she swore she wad be mine, & said she loo'd me best of ony, But



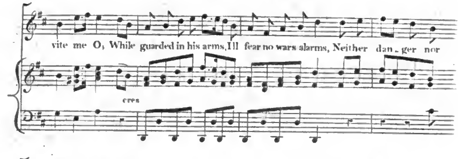
2

O She was a canty quean
And weel could dance the highland walloch
How happy I,had she been mine
Or I'd been Roy of Alldivalock
Oh Roys Wife &c:

3

Her hair sae fair her e'en sae clear
Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonny
To me she ever will be dear
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie
Oh Roys Wife &c:


Dumbarton's Drums.
Arranged by John Parry.
Modº
p
Dum _ barton's Drums beat
bonny O, When they mind me of my dear Johnny O, How happy am I when my Soldier is by,
When he kisses & blesses his Annie O'Tis a Soldier alone, can de light me O, For his graceful locks do in





2

My Love is a handsome Laddie_O
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy_O
Tho Commissions are dear Yet I'll buy him one this year
He shall no longer serve as a cadie_O
A Soldier has honor and bravery _ O
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery _ O
He minds no other thing but the Ladies and the King
For any other care is but slavery O _

3

Then Ill be the Captain's Lady _ O
Farewell all my friends and Daddy _ O
I'll stay no more at home, but I'll follow with the Drum
And whene'er it beats, I'll be ready _ O
Dumbartons Drums sound bonny _ O
They are sprightly like my dear Johnny _ O
How shall I be when on my Soldiers knee
And he kisses and he blesses his Annie O _




Jess Macfarlane.
Arranged for One or Two Voices
BY
John Parry.
Moderato
p
When first she came to town, They call'd her Jess Macfarlane, But now she's come & gone, They
When first she came to town, They call'd her Jess Macfarlane, But now she's come & gone, They
call her the wandring darling Oh this love this love Of this love I'm weary sleep I can get none, For
call her the wandring darling Oh this love this love Of this love I'm weary sleep I can get none, For



2

Her father loves her well,
Her mother loves her better,
And I like the girl mysel,
But alas! I canna get her
Oh this love this love.
&c: &c:

3

I took it in my head
To write my love a letter
But alas! she canna read
And I like her a' the better
Oh this love this love!
&c: &c:

4

Then since I canna rest
For thinking of my darling
I'll wander too in quest
Of Lovely Jess Macfarlane
Oh this love this love!
Of this love I'm weary
Sleep I can get none
For thinking o my deary
Oh this love this love.


Woo'd and Married and a'
Arranged by J. Parry.
Allegro
The Bride came out of the
byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks, Sirs I'm to be married to night And has neither blankets nor
sheets, Has neither blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too, The bride that has a' thing to borrow, Has
e'en right meikle to do, Woo'd & married & a' Woo'd & married & a' And was she nae very weel off, That was



2

Out spake the Bride's father
As he came in frae the plough
O! had ye're tongue my daughter
And ye's get gear enough
The stirk that stands i'th tether
And our bra'basin'd Jade
Will carry ye hame your corn
What wad he at, ye Jade
Won'd and married & a' &c:

3

Out spake the Bride's mither
What de'el need a' this pride
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a Bride
My goun was linsey woolsey
And ne'er a sark ava'
And ye ha ribbons and bus kins
Mae than ane or twa
Woo'd and married and a' &c:

4

Out spake the Bride's brither
As he came in wi the kie
Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye
Had ye kept ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy
And nae for a poor man's wife
Gin I canna get a better
I'se never take ane i' my life
Woo'd and married and a' &c:

5

Out spake the Bride's sister
An she came in frae' the byre
O! gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire
But we poor folk maun live single
And do the best we can
I dinna care what I should want
If wed to a bonny man
Woo'd and married and a &c:

Printed by Goulding & Co 20 Soho Square London.

Kenmure's on and awa'

Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry

Allegretto

cres

f

O Kenmure's on & a_wa' Willie, O Kenmure's on and a_wa' An' Kenmure's Lords the bravest Lord that e_ver Galloway saw Suc_cess to Kenmure's band, Willie Suc_cess to Kenmure's band, There's



2

Here's Kenmure's health in Wine, Willie
Here's Kenmure's health in Wine,
There ne'er was a Coward o' Kenmure's blade
Nor yet o' Gordon's line
O Kenmure's Lads are men, Willie
O Kenmure's Lads are men

Their hearts and swords are metal
And that their Faes shall ken

Cho.^s
O Kenmure's Lads &c:

3

They'll live or die wi' fame Willie
They'll live or die wi' fame
But soon with sounding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame
Here's him that's far awa, Willie
Here's him that's far awa

And here's the flow'r that I lo'e best
The rose that's like the snaw

Cho.^s
Here's him that's far &c:

Cumbernauld House

Arranged for One or Two Voices by John Parry.




op'ning rose, How can thy breast re_lentless wear, A heart more cold than winter snow Oh
op'ning rose, How can thy breast re_lentless wear, A heart more cold than winter snow Oh
Ju_lia more than li_ly fair, more blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast re_lentless
Ju_lia more than li_ly fair, more blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast re_lentless
wear, A heart more cold than winter snow
wear, A heart more cold than winter snow
cres

Oh Logie O' Buchan!

Sung by Mrs Davison

Arranged by J. Parry





2

My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor
Tho' I love them as well as a daughter should do
They are nae half so dear to me, Jamie as you
He said think na long &c:

3

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel
And think on the Laddie that loo'd me so weel;
He had but a six_pence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa,
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa
For simmer is coming, could winter's awa
And ye'll come and see me in spite O' them A'
Cho^s. For Simmer &c:


The Broom of Cowdenknows.
Sung by Miss Greene.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Andante
p
cres
How blyth was I each morn to see, My
swain come o'er the hill, He leap'd the brook, And flew to me, I met him with good
Espres
will, O the broom, the bonny bonny broom, the broom of the Cow_den knows, I



2

I neither want ewe nor lamb
When his flocks round me lay
He gather'd in my sheep at night
And cheer'd me a'the day
Oh the Broom.

3

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet
The birds stood listening by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charmed with his melody
Oh the Broom.

4

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play
I envied not the fairest dame
Tho e'er so rich and gay
Oh the Broom.

5

He did oblige me every hour
Could I but faithful be
He won my heart, could I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me?
Oh the Broom.

6

Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily and mourn
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born
Oh the Broom.

End of Book 1.

The 3d 5th and 6th Stanzas may be omitted.

Printed by Goulding & Co. 20 Soho Square London.





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and to be had of I. Willis 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.


Saw ye Johnie coming
Sung by Miss Copeland
Arranged by J. Parry.
Playful
p
Saw ye Johnie coming quo'she, Saw ye Johnie coming, O Saw ye Johnie
coming quo' she, Saw ye Johnie coming, Wi his blue bonnet on his head
and his Doggie running quo' she, And his Doggie running



3

Father.

What will I do wi him hussy
What will I do wi him
He's ne'er a sark upon his back
And I hae none to gie him.

(Repeat the first 4 Bars for the above lines)

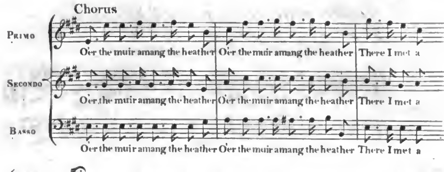
Daughter.

I hae twa sarks into my Kist
And ane o' them I'll gie him
And for a mark of mair fee
Dinna quarrel wi' him Daddy
Dinna quarrel wi' him.

4

For muckle do I lo'e him quo' she
For muckle do I lo'e him
O fee him Father, fee him quo' she
Fee him Father fee him
He'll had the Pleugh, thrash in the barn
And bless us a' at E'en my Daddy
And bless us a' my Daddy.


O'er the muir amang the Heather;
Sung by Mr. Broadhurst.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Allegretto
p
Coming thro' the craigs O'Kyle, Amang the bonnie blooming heather There I met a bonnie Lassie
Keeping a' the yowes together O'er the muir amang the heather, O'er the muir a - -
- mang the heather There I met a bonnie Lassie Keeping a' her yowes together





2

Says I — my dear whare is thy hame
In muir or dale pray tell me whether?
Said she — I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather
O'er the muir &c:

3

We laid us down upon a bank
Sae warm & sunny was the weather
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather
O'er the muir &c:

4

While thus we lay she sang a sang
Till echo rang a mile or farther
And aye the burthen O' the sang
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather
O'er the muir &c:

5

She charm'd my heart, & aye sinsyne
I could na think on any ither
By sea & sky she shall be mine
The bonnie Lass amang the heather
O'er the muir &c:

There's nae luck about the House.

Sung by Mrs Davison.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro

cres

And are ye sure the news is true, And are ye sure he's weed? Is this a time to tawk of wark, Mak haste, set by your weel Is this a time to tawk of wark, When Collin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the Quay and see him safe ashore For there's

Repeat from



2
Rise up and make a clean fire side,
Put on the mukle Pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their Shoon as black as Slaes,
There hose as white as snaw,
It's a' to please my ain good man;
For he's been lang awa.

3
There is twa Hens upon the Bawk
S'heen fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste, and thra their necks about,
That Colin well my fare;
And spread the Table neat and clean;
Gar ilka thing look bra;
It's a' for love of my good man;
For he's been lang awa.

4
O gie me down my bigonets,
My Bishop sattin gown;
For I maun tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to Town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue,
It's a' to please my ain good man,
For he's baith leel and true.

5
Sae true his word, Sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller Air,
His very foot has musick in't,
When he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.

6
The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blaun by, I hae him safe
Till Death we'll never part
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa,
The present moment is our Ain,
The neist we never saw.

7
Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.



2

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

3

Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie
Here awa' there awa' here awa' hame.
Come love beleive me nothing can grieve me
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Here awa' there awa'

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry

PRIMO: Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa'

SECONDO: Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa'

BASSO: Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa'

PRIMO: there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

SECONDO: there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

BASSO: there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

PRIMO: Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a _ gain

SECONDO: Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a _ gain

BASSO: Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a _ gain


Lochaber, No more.
Sung by Mr. Collyer
Arranged by J Parry.
Largo
p
Fare _ well to Loch _ a _ ber, And farewell my Jean, Where heartsome with
thee I have mo _ ny day been For Loch _ a _ ber no more Loch _
_ a _ ber no more, We'll may be re _ _ turn to Loch _ a _ ber no more



2

Tho' hurricanes rise, & raise ev'ry wind
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave
And I maun deserve it before I can crave

3

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse
Since honor commands me how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee
And losing thy favor I'd better not be
I gae then my Lass, to win honor and fame
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
I'll bring a heart to thee, with love running o'er
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.


Loch Eroch side
Arranged by J. Parry.
Allegro
As I came by Loch Eroch side,The lofty hills sur_veying, The water clear the heather
blooms,Their fragrant sweet conveying I met unsought my lovely maid,I found her like the morn_
cres
_ing.With graces sweet & charms so rare,Her person all a_dorning.



3

(Which may be omitted.)

But faithful, loving, true and kind
For ever you shall find me
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch Eroch side shall mind me."
"Enraptur'd then, my bonny Lass
I cry'd no more we'll tarry
We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch side
And hie to Kirk to marry.


Queen Mary's Lamentation.
Song.
Mr. Braham, Miss Greene & Master Smith.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Largo
p
I sigh and la_ment me in vain, Those walls can but e_cho my moan, A_
_las! it in_creases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone, Thro' the
grate of my pri_son I see the birds as they wanton in air My



2

Altho' I'm opprest by my Fate,
 I burn with contempt for my Foes,
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those,
False woman in Ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in our tomb
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

3

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay
 With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the Evening Bell.
The Owls from the Battlements cry,
 Hollow Winds seem to murmur around,
"O Mary prepare thee to die,"
 My Blood it runs cold at the sound.

O'er the Hills and far away; Sung by Mr. Bland.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Lively

cres

Jockey met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day, But Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jenny staw his heart a_way,

Al_ _tho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has a_ _lak! unkind, Which



Chorus

gars poor Jocky often rue, That e'er he lov'd a fickle mind And its over the hills & far away, Over the

And its over the hills & far away, Over the

hills & far away Over the hills & far away The wind has blawn my plaid away.

hills & far away Over the hills & far away The wind has blawn my plaid away.

2

Now Jocky was a bonny Lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair
But now poor man, he's e'en gane sad
Since Jenny has gart him to despair
Young Jocky was a piper's son
And fell in love when he was young
But a' the springs that he could play
Was o'er the hills and far away
And its o'er the hills &c.

3

Since Jenny will nae pity take
I maun gae wander for her sake
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove
I'll sighing sing Adieu to Love
Since she is fause whom I adore
I'll never trust a woman more
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away
And on my pipe I'll sweet play.
O'er hills & dales & far away.

Charlie is my Darling.

(Sung by Mrs Salmon, Miss Stephens & Miss Greene)

Arranged by J. Parry.

MODERATO

p

cres.

Charlie is my dar-ling my dar-ling my darling O! Charlie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier, Twas

(The other Verses Commence from Here)

on a monday morning, right ear-ly in the year, when Charlie came to our town the



(The following verses are sung from the 4.th Bar of the Melody.)

2

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out,
To meet the Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

3

Wi Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They came to fight for Scotlands right,
And the young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

4

They've left their bonnie highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

5

Now ha'd awa' ye Lowland loon,
And court nae Lassies here,
The highland man's come back again,
Wie the young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

When I think on this Warld's pelf, or the Blathrie o't!

Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry.

MODERATO

p

cres.

Dol.

When I think on this warld's drossy pelf and the wee mickle share, I ha' o't to mysel, and how the lass that lacks it, is by the lads forgot, may the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie* o't!

cres.

p

cres.

* Blathrie, means abuse.



3
Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire,
And jocky says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

4
But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free,
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat,
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

The Lass of Patie's Mill

Sung by Mr. John Smith. Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

p cres

The Lass of Patie's mill so bon_ny blithe and gay In spite of all my skill Has stol'n my heart a_ _ way When ted_ding of the hay Bare_headed on the green Love



2

Without the help of art
Like flow'rs that grace the wild
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd
Her looks they were so mild
Free from affected pride
She me to love beguil'd
I wish'd her for my bride.

3

Oh had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill
Insur'd long life and health
And pleasure at my will
I'd promise and fulfil.
That none but bonny she
The Lass of Patie's mill
Should share the same wi' me.

The Lass of Patie's Mill.

(Harmonized for Three Voices by J. Parry.)

PRIMO: The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all my

SECONDO: The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all his

BASSO: The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all his

skill has stol'n my heart a way When tedding of the hay Bare

skill his skill has stol'n his heart a way When tedding of the hay Bare

skill his skill has stol'n his heart a way When tedding the hay Bare

headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wan _ ton'd in her Een!

headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wan _ ton'd in her Een!

headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her Een!

2

Without the help of art
Like flow'rs that grace the wild
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd
Her looks they were so mild
Free from affected pride
She me/him to love beguil'd
He/I wish'd her for his/my Bride.



My Ain kind Deary O!

Sung by Mr. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro

p cres

Will ye gang o'er the lee _ rigg, my ain kind deary O! And cuddle there sae kind _ ly wi' me my kind deary O! At thornie bush and birken tree, we'll daff, and ne'er be weary O! They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me, mine ain kind deary O

Nae herds, wi Ket - or copy there
Shall ever come to fear ye _ O,!
But lav'rocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their deary _ O!

2

While others herd their lambs & Ewes
And toil for wardly gear my Jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi you my ain kind deary _ O!


Tweed Side.
Sung by Mr. Collyer.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Moderato
What beauties does Flo_ra dis_close, How sweet are her smiles up_on Tweed! Yet
Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fan_cy ex__ceed. Nor
dai_sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



2

Oh! Mary does all maids excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair!

Say charmer, where do thy flock stray
Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed
Is it on the sweet winding Tay
Or plesanter banks of the Tweed?

Tweed Side,
Harmonized for three Voices by Jno Parry.



2

Oh! Mary does all Maids excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair!
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray
Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed
Is it on the sweet winding Tay
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



2

Come draw a drap O'the best O't yet
Come draw a drap O'the best O't yet
Gae seek for pleasure where you will
But here I never miss'd it yet

We are a'dry wi drinking o't
We are a'dry wi drinking o't
The Laird he kiss'd the ploughman's wife
And could na sleep for thinking o't!

The Birks of Endermay.

Sung by

Mr. Broadhurst.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

cres

f

tr

The smi_ling morn, the breathing spring, In_vite the tuneful birds to sing, And while they war_ble from each spray, Love melts the u_ni_ver_sal lay. Let us Aman_da time_ly wise, Like them improve the hour that flies, And



NB The 3rd and 4th Stanzas may be omitted.

2

For soon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that, will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er
The Feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay
Adieu the birks of Endermay!

3

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Endermay

4

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call,
The wanton waves sport in the beams
And Fishes play throughout the streams
The circling sun does now advance
And all the planets round him dance
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Endermay.

Oscar's Ghost.

Arranged by John Parry.

Largo

p cres

Oh! see that form that faintly gleams! Tis Os_car come to cheer my dreams; On wings of wind he flies a_way; O stay my love_ly Os_car stay.

tr

2
Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
A wake the harp to doleful lays
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise

3
The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
The Roe on morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

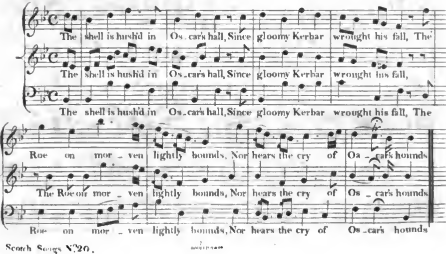
Oscar's Ghost

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry:



2

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And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
A wake the harp to doleful lays
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

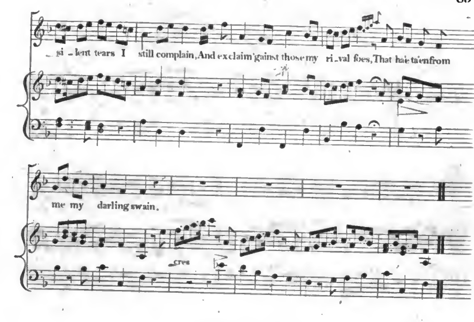



Donald.
Sung by Miss Stephens & Miss Carew.
Arranged by J. Parry
Leghetto
When first you courted me, I own, I fondly favor'd you; Ap_pa_rent worth, And
high renown, Made me believe you true, Donald! Each virtue then seem'd to adorn the
man esteem'd by me. But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn to waste one thought on thee Donald!
p
p


cres
p
Second Verse
O then for e _ ver haste a _ way, A _ way from love and me Go
seek a heart that's like your own, And come no more to me Donald!
For I'll reserve my self a _ lone, For one that's more like me If
such a one I cannot find I'll fly from love and thee Donald!
pp

The Flowers of Edinburgh.
Arranged by John Fairy.





The 4th & 5th Verses may be omitted.

2
Despair and anguish fill my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose,
I sigh and moan while others rest,
His absence yields me no repose;
To seek my love I'll range and rove
Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days
T'hear tidings from my darling swain.

3
There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
Since Parents show such cruelty;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
And know not to what destiny!
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May cease to sport upon the plain
But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
For the absence of my darling swain

4
Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat
To send a fair and pleasant gale
Ye Dolphins sweet, upon me wait
And convey me on your tail
Heavens bless my voyage with success
While crossing of the raging main
And send me safe o'er, to that distant shore
To meet my lovely darling swain

5
All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay
The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing
To grace and crown our nuptial day
Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms
My Heart once more I will regain
Then I'll range no more to a distant shore
But in love will enjoy My darling swain


Pinky House.
Sung by M^r. Foster.
Arranged by J. Parry.
Moderato
p
cres
By Pin _ ky House, Oft let me walk, While cir _ cled in my arms I
hear my Jes _ sy sweet _ ly talk, And gaze on all her charms. O
let me e _ ver fond behold The gra _ ces void of art, Those


cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In wil ling chains my heart.
Second Verse
O come my love, and bring anew, That gen_tle turn of mind, That gracefulness of air in
you By Na_ture's hand de_sign'd. That beauty, like the blushing rose, First lighted up this flame,
Which like the sun for e_ver glows With_in my breast, the same.


Saw ye my Father.
Sung by Mrs. Davison
Arranged by J. Parry:
Moderato
p
O saw ye my Fa – ther, Or saw ye my mi – ther, or saw ye my true love John? I saw not your fa – ther I saw not your mither but I saw your true love John.
2
It's now ten at night, and the stars giè nae light
And the bells ring, ding dong;
He's met with some delay, that causeth him to stay
But he will be here ere long.
3
That surly old carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd ne ne'er a word replied
Till all were asleep in bed.
4
Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes
And gently tirled the pin:
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went
And she open'd and let him in.



(The following may be omitted)

6

Flee up, flee up my bonny gray bird
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold
And your wings of the sillar gray.

7

The bird prov'd false, and untrue he was
For he crew an hour o'er soon
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Corn Riggs are Bonny.
Sung by Mrs. Bland.

Arranged by J. Parry

Allegro

p f

My Pa_tie is a lov_er gay, His mind is e_ver stea_dy O, His breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fair and rud_dy O His shape is handsome mid_dle size, He's stately in his wa_king O! The


shining of his Een surprize, Tis heav'n to hear him ta_king O!
Second Verse
Last night I met him on the bawk, Where yellow corn was growing O! There mony a kindly
word he spake That set my heart a glowing O! He smil'd, and vow'd he wad be mine, And lo'd me best of
o_ny O! That gars me like to sing sinsyne O corn riggs are bon_ny O!



SHE

O! yes bonny Lad, I could lie in a Barrack
And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;
I'd neither ask leave of my mither nor Daddy
But follow the camp with my soldier Laddy

HE

Oh! say bonny Lass, would you go a campaigning
And bear all the hardships of battle & famine
When wounded and bleeding, then would you draw near me
And kindly support me and tenderly cheer me?

SHE

O! yes bonny Lad, I'll think nothing of it
But follow my Henry and carry his wallet;
Nor dangers nor famine nor wars can alarm me
My Soldier is near me, and naething can harm me



Duncan Gray.
Sung by Mr. Broadhurst.

Arranged by J. Parry

Moderato

Cho.s

Duncan Gray came here to woo, Ha, ha, the wooing o't, On new year's day when

Cho.s

we were fou, Ha, ha, the wooing o't, Maggie coost her head fu' heigh

Cho.s

Look'd askient and unco skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh Ha, ha, the



2

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd
Meg was deaf as Ailfa craig
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in
Grat his een baith bleard and blin
Spak O'louping O'er a lin
Ha ha, the wooing o't

3

Time and chance are but a tide
Slighted love is sair to bide
Shall I like a fool quoth he
For a haughty hussy die
She may go to France for me
Ha ha, the wooing t'o

4

How it comes let dortons tell,
Meg grew sick, as he grew well
Something in her bosom wrings
For relief a sigh she brings
And O! her een they spak sic things
Ha. ha, the wooing t'o



The Gardner wi' his Paidle.
Arranged for Two Voices by John Parry.

Treble

Tenor

Moderato

Piano Forte

When ro_sy May comes in wi flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, Then busy, busy are his hours, The Gard'ner wi his Pai_dle The crystal waters gently fa', The merry birds are lov_ers a' The

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scented breezes round him blaw, The Gard'ner wi his Pai - dle.

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2

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare
Then through the dews he maun repair
The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle.

3

When day expiring in the west
The curtain draws O nature's rest,
He flees to her arms, he loves the best
The Gard'nera wi' his Paidle.

For a Tenor and a Bass

Modo

When ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, Then bu - sy bu - sy are his hours, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle The crystal wa - tera gent - ly fa, The mer - ry birds are lov - ers a' The scen - ted breezea round him blaw, The Gard' - ner wi his Pai - dle.

When rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, Then bu - sy bu - sy are his houra, The Gardner wi' his Pai - dle The crystal watera gent - ly fa, The mer - ry birda are lov - era a' The scented breezea round him blaw, The Gardner wi his Pai - dle.

Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co's
New & correct Edition of Popular Scotch Songs.
Arranged by John Parry.

Published in Numbers. *Price One Shilling each.*

Nº 1. John Anderson my Jo. Ye Banks and Braes.	Nº 21. Donald. Flowers of Edinburgh.	Nº 41.
Nº 2. My Boy Tammy. Auld Lang Syne.	Nº 22. Pinkey House. Saw ye my Father.	Nº 42.
Nº 3. Auld Robin Gray. Green grow the Rashes O.	Nº 23. Corn riggs are bonny. O Say bonnie Lassie.	Nº 43.
Nº 4. The Yellow hair'd Laddie. Whistle o'er the lave o't.	Nº 24. Duncan Grey. The Gardner wi his Paidle.	Nº 44.
Nº 5. Land O' the Leal. Shepherds I have lost my love.	Nº 25. Waes me for Prince Charlie. Galla Water.	Nº 45.
Nº 6. I canna like ye gentle sir. The Birks of Abergeldi.	Nº 26. Lewie Gordon. Dainty Davie.	Nº 46.
Nº 7. My Lodging is on the cold ground. The Siller Crown.	Nº 27. Come under my Plaidy. O Willie brew'd a peck O Maut.	Nº 47.
Nº 8. O whistle & I'll come to thee. My Daddy is a Canker'd Carle.	Nº 28. Scots wha hae. O gin my love were yonder rose.	Nº 48.
Nº 9. Roys Wife of Alldivaloch. Dumbarton's Drums.	Nº 29. The Highland Laddie. Todlen Hame.	Nº 49.
Nº 10. Jess Macfarlane. Woo'd and Married and A'.	Nº 30. Roslin Castle. Mc Phersons Farewell.	Nº 50.
Nº 11. Kenmure on and awa'. Cumbernauld House.	Nº 31. Maggy Lauder. The Waefu' heart.	Nº 51.
Nº 12. Oh Logie O Buchan. The Broom of Cowden knows.	Nº 32. Welcome Royal Charlie. My heart's in the Highlands.	Nº 52.
Nº 13. Saw ye Johnnie Coming? O'er the muir among the heather.	Nº 33. The Blue Bells of Scotland. The last time I cam' o'er the muir.	Nº 53.
Nº 14. There's nae luck about the House. Here awa' there awa'.	Nº 34. My Love is like the Red red Rose. Charlie cam' to our Laird's Castle.	Nº 54.
Nº 15. Lochaber no more. Loch Eroch side.	Nº 35. Come boat me o'er to Charlie. The Campbell's are comin'.	Nº 55.
Nº 16. Queen Mary's Lamentation. O'er the Hills & far away.	Nº 36. A highland lad my love was born. Prince Charlie he's cum frae France.	Nº 56.
Nº 17. Charlie is my Darling. When I think of this Worlds Pelf.	Nº 37. And they're A' Noddin. The Miller.	Nº 57.
Nº 18. The Lass of Patie's Mill. My Ain kind Deary O.	Nº 38. Carl, an the King come. Mount and Go.	Nº 58.
Nº 19. Tweed Side. My Love she's but a Lassie yet.	Nº 39.	Nº 59.
Nº 20. The Birks of Endermay. Ossian's Ghost.	Nº 40.	Nº 60.

The whole of the above have Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano Forte, & many are Harmonized for Two, Three and Four Voices, this Edition therefore may be considered the cheapest and most correct one published.